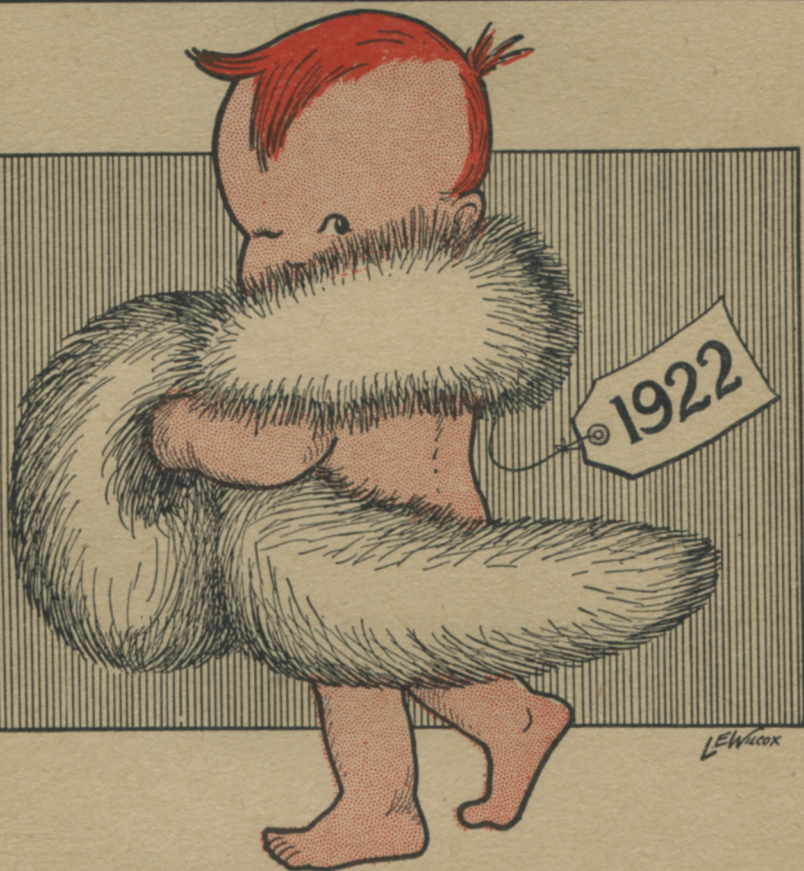


THE Quirt

Vol. 2 JAN., 1922 No. 35



Looks Fine!

25 Cents

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Year \$3.00

THE QUIRT

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JANUARY, 1922

NO. 35

PURITISTS, ATTENTION!

—Q—

WHILE you sanctimonious scissorbills are rooting around, as Frau Hubbard once said: "scenting the lavatories in Elysian fields, instead of smelling the flowers," you might turn some of your pestiferous attention to the jaundiced sheet out Denver way—that high class moral journal, that screeched itself yellow to "tear the lid off" on Armistice Day.

It is very favorable to your "cause;" it caters to your class because it, too, is as yellow as a bilious liver; it is with you and for you *as a business proposition!*

One of the results of the policy it advocated and provoked, was the shooting of a white mother, the brutal beating of an American Legionaire's wife and himself and the turning of Denver into a hoodlum's festival—where every black-leg and panderer "tore the lid off" his perverted passion, insulted the decency of every Denver citizen and endangered the lives of its populace. Yet you gimlet-eyed hypocrites let out no chirp about barring *that* publication from news stands.

You rodents gimme a pain!

—Q—

In 1911 it was "Free Lunches."

In 1921 it's "Free Air."

A NEW YEAR'S CAROL

—Q—

By G. J. Liebst

*'Twas the night before New Year's, and all
through the house*

*Not a creature was stirring, save Pa with a souse,
Who stood on the doorstep and clawed through the
air*

*In search of the keyhole that used to be there.
He found it; we heard him step into the hall,
Fall into the parlor and snore—that was all.
We smiled with indulgence and sleepward would
go,*

*But just for a short fifteen minutes or so;
For out in the yard there arose such a clatter
We sprang from our beds to see what was the
matter.*

*'Twas only dear brother making the noise,
Informing the neighbors, "I'm one of the boysh!"
We playfully poked him, then to bed we went back
Leaving dear brother asleep in the hack.
A few minutes later, some twenty, I'd say,
We heard heavy footsteps approaching our way,
And grandfather, after an informal talk,
Hung his clothes on the gatepost and slept on the
walk.*

*As over the hills came the New Year's bright sun,
Our handsome star boarder arrived with a bun.
That was all, save at nine we arose with a grin,
Made the rounds of the boozers and gathered them
in.*

*It was pa, as we carried him up through the hall,
Who continued to mutter, "Hap' New Year to all."*

UH, HUH!

—Q—



AMERICA'S SWEETHEART"—"Our Mary" and the Squire of Wales met and mutually admired one another—whereat the newspaper fraternity fell upon their Remingtons and wept.

It happened quite recently, while "Sweetheart" was "touring" Europe with her latest—but hardly the last.

The Squire had been a long-distant admirer of Doug's side-kicker for many moons. He had itched for the opportunity to swap chin music and goo-goo's with her at close range.

"Smarty" and Dug-out had grown sick of a lutefisk diet and the Northern dialect around the halibut tank-towns and Danish "smear-cheese" so they hit for the land of Lloyd Gawgees and black tea gossip-fests.

Squire learned of their arrival and rushed his valet for more speed. His best smile was excavated from the moth-ball cavern and his drawl polished 'til it shone like a stew-bum's proboscis. He waited for "Sweetheart" to appear in the offing. She did—with Dug-out bringing up the rear. And then they met—"Sweetheart" and the Squire of Whales.

"Smarty" said, "Hello, Squire!"

Squire teetered around like a duck on a small log and yawned, "Chawmed, doncherno."

It might have led to international complications, but just then the camera man who had stood at attention for a week, accidentally yanked the lanyard of his celluloid artillery and the stuff was off.

We are informed by "wireless" that Dug-out can't stand the kick in black tea, a la Lunun village and wants to come back home where he can tank up on real Mocha and Jersey cream.

THE QUIRT

J. M. NEAR (The Old Man)

Editor and Publisher


Office of Publication, 420 So. 6th Street

Editorial "Den," 803 31st Ave. North

Minneapolis, Minn.

Three dollars per year in Advance, United States and Canada.
Six Months Sub. same as Yearly—Don't Want 'Em.

Live Newsdealers handle it at 25 cents per Copy. Dead Ones
Can't at Any Price.

Entered as second class matter, April 18, 1920, at the post office
at Minneapolis, Minn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. 

WHAT TH' —?

WE are teetering on the brink of the New Year. Before you turn the pages of another issue of *Quirt*, old Father Time will have added a fresh notch to his staff.

We turn our heads and gaze reflectively in the mirror of the Past—a Past that is filled with bitter regrets, tender memories—with tears and joys. We glance more or less timidly at the Future and into the mind of each of us the same query flashes, possibly in different language than I have used, but meaning exactly the same: "What th' —?"

We cannot answer—we can only hope.

And with you, I stare eagerly as the Great Curtain of the New Year quivers in its steady upward climb. What we shall see and experience ere it has vanished, only the gods know. We can only hope—that it will bring to each and all, that which I wish may come to each and all of you:

Peace, Health and Prosperity.

—The Old Man.

"HIS WILL"

—Q—

THE "Rev." Johnny Spencer who at one time stuffed the hides of Oklahomans full of drugs, palatives and pink pills, as a "Doctor," was recently found guilty of rushing his wife through the "pearly gate" via the water route. At the time he decided that St. Peter had grown tired of waiting for the lady to appear, "Doctor" John was telling the natives of Lakeport, California, how to focus their spiritual headlights in order to make the grade.

One day he invited friend wife to take a little scow-trip over the placid waters. She accepted, never thinking that her ticket was stamped "one way only." She didn't come back—she went down.

Poor old Parson John! He rowed sadly to shore. The cabineers far up the mountains heard his voice that night as he told the good Lord how much he loved Him and how he hated sin and sinful acts. And then he slept—his mind at peace. The little fishes were keeping his wife company that night. As the dear old dominie rolled between the sheets, his wife was being "cradled in the deep."

One day the "sinners" woke up. They lay rude hands upon the "holy man" and yanked him down to the bastille. Disregarding his saintly mien, they jammed him into a tiny cell and turned a key—not the "key to everlasting glory" that he had so often talked about, but a great iron rigging that turned steel bolts.

One day not long after, they brought him before a "bar"—not to toast him or "here's ho" him, but to try him for the crime that Cain committed—murder. He was found guilty and:

As they led him away he muttered "The Lord's will be done."

Hypocrisy, thy chasm is without depth!

THEN AND NOW

—Q—

THE "Civic League" of prudes had been unusually active that season. "Public morals" were threatened—the parchment-sheet Daily Explosion had thrown numerous journalistic fits; several of the most prominent hypocrites had pulpitted lustily and groaned awfully; professional snoops had reported extensively and things morally and socially were in a heck of a fix. Something had to be done. There was!



A lady whose character was under suspicion if not questionable, was pinched by the local constabulary upon a complaint issued and elaborated upon by the Amalgamated Association of Long-Hairs and Civic Leaguers.

The semi-military escort started the suspected female down the main stem of the bailiwick, intending to exploit their capture before leaving her to the tender mercies of the cell cockroaches and bull-cooties. The rabble piped the parade and started tossing gutter jargon and bricks. It looked like slow music for the spinster.

There had been a Carpenter hanging around the tough joints and back alleys of the city for several weeks; a typical rough-neck. His toes projected a nail-length beyond the extreme tip of his brogans, and the caboose end of his overalls looked like "milady's" Siberian wolf-hound had flushed them just as their owner made the last lap between the kitchen and the front gate. None of the hi-brows nor the A. A. of L. H. nor the "Civic Leaguers" knew where He

had originated, where He was bound or what His game was—their snoops had reported that He was a Union Carpenter; had a gift of gab; an absence of fear and a numerous following.

Some one in the crowd suggested that the suspect be rushed before the jack-plane manipulator as he had refereed several ructions and was noted among the leather-backs as being a pretty wise guy and a square shooter.

With a sly wink at his elbow-jostlers, the Captain of the "home gourds" ordered the cavalcade to mooch for the jungles where the Carpenter usually mulliganed. They found Him over at the City Hall prowling through some official rubbish.

Several of the "more holy than thou" aristocrats tried to talk at the same time. "If you please" they yelped, "we caught this bird with the goods. She's a bum brawd—a street moocher of the worst type. She ain't fit to ramble through the same ozone with we strictly decent folks. What say, Carpenter, if we bat her block off with cobble-stones?"

The bench-mechanic ran His gnarled fingers thoughtfully through His long, unbarbered locks. His lips twitched as though He wanted to smile. Then He turned toward the mob's victim—the Woman accused by the Civic Leaguers of being "an undesirable citizen." She was a pitiful sight—a hard-eyed, slattern. His eyes swept the howling mob with mild scorn. He raised His hand for silence and as it came, His voice, sweeter than a mother's; softer than the murmur of a meadow brook, rang out in biting irony:

"He that is without sin among you let *him* cast the first stone."

He had their measure! He knew the bread of long-hairs, from Alpha to Omega. He knew their closets held grinning skeletons and putrid secrets—they, those slimy sycophants of His day—then as now.

A moment later, He lifted His head and, lo, the Civic Leaguers had vanished—only the accused, the woman from “down below the line” stood nearby. The hypocrites had slunk away.

“Where’s the gang, Lizzie?” He asked her with a smile.

“They beat it—took it on the lamm—when you slipped them that jolt. Say, Carpenter, I know that outfit. I ain’t any worse than they are—I got caught, that’s all. Do you condemn me?” and she grinned uneasily.

The eyes of the Union Carpenter smiled straight into her’s; His hands, all calloused and gnarled and toil-stained, closed around her sin-stained ones in hearty clasp and His voice tender with sympathy, with understanding and emotion answered:

“No, girlie, I don’t. But cut it, girl, cut it. It’s the wrong way out.”

It has been many centuries since the Civic Leaguers and the Amalgamated Association of Long-Hairs dragged Peroxide Lizz before the Carpenter, but they are the same today as then, only:

Today, they operate *in the Carpenter’s name!* They find it easier to get by! Instead of stoning the Lizzies of today, they beat them to death with thongs of scorn and ostracism. But they’re the same breed of reptiles, now as then.

Q

“How many children have you in your family?” queried the inquisitive one.

“Sixteen,” came the answer.

“Not all in one family, surely?”

“Sure.”

The inquisitive one spat reflectively.

“Sixteen in one! Hell, that ain’t a family—that’s a community.”

OUT OF A ROYAL JOB

—Q—

LORD" DAWSON, who used to tell the royal family of England when they were "indisposed" and what to take when their gout got too gouty, is as good as out of a royal job. He attended a church convention and while his mouth was open he spake words that shocked the royal roosters and their unfeathered following.

"Birth control is here today. It is an established fact and for good or evil must be accepted." He slipped!

The British press fell on him, flatside down. They yelled at him that a million of England's healthiest buckoos had "gone West." They pointed to France as a "horrible example."

French women were devoting their time to raising Pomeranian pups; the bottom of their skirts and midnight revelry. As a result, there wasn't much left of France, except the national appetite and what supplies the Yanks didn't get a chance to eat up or wear out. The rag-doll industry had fizzled out. To hear the Henglish press yowl, France was nothing but a hard-luck story elaborated upon—a bunch of war-debts, Apaches and grisettes, and in a few more generations, her "dogs of war" would be too weak to bark at the moon or howl when kicked.

Leave it to the Tommy journalists, the sob stuff and murk! They spread on four layers. As a result, "Lord" Dawson will soon be a Lord without a job.

Funny how a brier from the bush of Truth irritates some folks!

—————Q—————

If Violet Ray is Charles Ray's sister, who is X-RAY?

—————Q—————

Many a man's "face is his fortune" but his friends wonder how he cashes in on it.

A FAT CHAMPION

—Q—

SUCH of the ladies as are afraid to venture far from "their ain firesides" need fear no more. Out from the jungle lumbers a pachyderm, its voice bellowing "defense" of femaledom, its face wreathed in snarls and its flappers ready to slap soft soap out of the first biped who dares cheep. I am indulging in no limpid dream induced by a conflagration of poppy seed.

During the early portions of the Arbuckle trial, the State charged that old Grease Face had been mixed up in a brawl in a Chicago hotel, during which he had slapped a woman's face and sapped-up on a bell boy.

As ladies are seldom noted for their prowess in the squared circle and as bell hops are not usually heavyweights, it was dimly suspected by the public at large, that Squatty had had two "set-ups." But it was all a mistake—if one would believe the defense.

Fat had been actually a "champeen" of skirts. A drunken fellow (how a soak happened to be sober enough to talk at a Squash-buckle party, defendant sayeth not!) made "improper remarks in the presence of women guests," and Fat, resenting the alleged "insult, promptly slapped the man's face." Howly Jasus! And they expect sane folks to gulp down that brand of bunc?

Imagine, if you can, Arbuckle—the same Arbuckle who was photographed lying beside a tub of booze, so dodgasted drunk he couldn't bat an eye—the same rubber-faced brute who at this writing is being tried on the charge of manslaughter for having caused the death of Virginia Rappe *at a drunken orgy*—imagine that fat thing *becoming incensed because some one used improper language in the presence of ladies!* Of course you can't imagine anything

like that—your imagination would crack wide open if you tried it! It never happened. Proof?

Well, Fat was pinched on a charge of “battery”—turned loose on a fifty dollar bail bond and—jumped the bond. A “battery” bond-hopper practically admits guilt when he takes French leave of the bastille’s vicinity.

A thing who will pass vile remarks—so rotten that they could not be spread on the court records—in the presence of a dying girl, is *hardly* the person to resent the use of “improper language in the presence of women guests.”

Upon second thought, ladies, I reckon you’d better not depend on the jungle “champeen” to guard you.

—Q—

BUT!

—Q—

HOUSTON, TEXAS, has “solved” the unemployed problem—maybe. She (the proposed plan smacks of suffrage, unhobbled, so I place Houston in the “she” column) proposes to hitch “her” unemployed to the business end of a dull axe and set them to gnawing away at the dead-and-down stuff in the Houston parks.

The plan is excellent, but:

Too contracted. The defining line between the moneyless bum and the monied hobo has not been drawn. Houston proposes to X-ray the tourist populace. A dearth of guilders and the tourist connects with the forest guillotine. If he sports a shirt stud, a gas hack and a cane, the C. & C. fete him, the club-men treat him and he votes Houston the identical spot that Adam and Eve got gyped out of.

The plan is excellent, but:

—Q—

Of all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest of all are

“That D— tire’s flat again.”

COMIN'! LET'S WAIT

—Q—

Lonesum Crick, Ariz.

DEER Editor:

i jist hed a letur frum mi frend, Spud Perkins, hoo uster be a natif sun ov Nebraska, butt hoo iz now uv Waco, texas, en a fue uther places. Yew reckerlect Si, when he uster bee kavortin' with th' dribblin's frum his silo? Well, he's th' saim ol' Si, onli worst.

Ez long ez he lived in Nebraska he never dun nuthin' worse'n gittin drunk en lickin' his wife, but soon's he left thair he got religion en jined th' ancient en Honerabul society uv Snoops er sumthin' uv that sort. Et eny rate he got tu be a reformer en let hiz hair grow 'til it goldinged nigh cum down tu hiz vest pokit. He writ me that he didn't drink anything 'cause hiz tank wudn't hold nuthin' moar dangerus th'n sackermmentul wine, what ever that iz, en ez thair wuzn't enythin' else tu git down thair, he'd quit all th' rest.

But i ain't a writin' uv this tu tell yew about Spud's prohibishun tendensies, but sumthin' uv moar importance. Yew know Spud uster write okashunly fur quirt. Well, by Heck, aftur he got religun en one swig of that new-fangled hooch, he turned completely 'round, dinged ef he didn't.

He writ me ez how he thought qUirt wuz awful ruff en wuzn't fit fur him 'r hiz lady en feller reformers tu read. He sed ez how it wuz demoralizin' tu hiz moral cents en tended tu maik him en uther damphools think.

He sez tu thet they air working thair blambed heds off tryin' tu maik quirt almost ez hard tu git ez good licker, bi chasin' uv it ofen th' news stands. He sez that ez soon ez him en hiz feller en lady reformers kin dew this, they will git a raze in salary en a new set uv tracts frum docter

Craft, et all—what ever et al is I don't know but i reckon Spud duz.

Jist ez soon ez i red his letur, I set rite down en writ him, en I sed tu him, "Spud perkins, I expectid yew tu wind up in th' penitenshury er tu evin fill in th' cipher on th' end uv a roap, but that wuz th' worst end I ever thought yew'd cum tu, en here i find yew a gallopin' 'round th' country with yoar hair ez long ez th' psalms uv David en yoar family skelleton hardly dry under th' ears. Why, i sez tu him, yew haint bin decent long enuf tu tell if it's tuk er not! I'll bet it don't taik, ethur, fur I've knowed a lot uv theze "God loves yew en yew kin set on yoar hands" sort uv christuns en It never tuk on eny uv 'em ez i'VE seen.

Mi wife sez ez how she's goin' tu rite Spud Perkins en tell him tu rite tu yew fer next month en tell yew all about what hiz sect iz en what it stands fur en what it tastes like en meny uther things that we'uns caynt seem tu git th' hang uv. I'll bet he rites. Well i'm goin' tu bed, ez soon ez I prey fur yew.

Ez ever,

Si Meddler.

—Q—

The American people send a lot of men to congress as a matter of economy:—figuring that it's less expensive to put them on the Federal pay-roll than it is to board and clothe them at a state institution or have them pestivating around the neighborhood. The subject is open to debate, of course, but when we read the Congressional Record, we embrace negative.

—Q—

Blue Laws; Red Agitators; Yellow Perils and Green Whiskeys *should* give us a pretty fair "riot of colors."

HARDLY FAIR

—Q—

DOWAN EAST" in Haddonfield, N. J., which same lingers close up to Atlantic City, some hop-head with a depleted sense of humor (or an eye to business) sprung a small-pox scare—as a result, there is just one physician in the city who isn't mad and he's too old to care.

Some years ago, a medical yapper advanced the theory

that a jolt of anhydrous pus introduced into a healthy carcass would render said carcass immune to small-pox (or cause a cash entry to appear on an undertaker's day book). It has been the habit, and a profitable one, since that time, to "vaccinate" as many soft-pates as had the kale and could be hoodwinked, scratched up and poisoned



any time a flock of pimples appeared.

When the report spread that old Si Perkins' second cousin's hired man had small-pox, some one suggested to the Haddonfield damsels that small-pox didn't mix well with cosmetics, the entire covey wanted to be vaccinated *where it wouldn't show*.

There was some two hundred of 'em—all young ones of more or less plumpness and beauty—and only one antique specimen of the genus medico.

The Kidless Spinster's Union held a rush meeting. It was the unanimous opinion that the old Pappy medic was the only safe and sane professional in town. The younger sprouts were not to be trusted, in view of the fact that vac-

cination of two hundred charming young ladies meant temptation with a capital "T."

The ancient one got the job. He's cackling about it yet. It is only fair to say that he didn't solicit the contract. The Kidless Spinster's Union—the moral gendarme of the she species "drafted" him.

"Where'd he vaccinate 'em?"

That's a fool question, but:

No young lady wants to exhibit a plump arm with a spot on it that looks like a butcher had lit there with a cleaver and she couldn't "roll 'er own" with a shank that resembled a football player's (all barked and scarred up); so they had old Doc rasp the hide off and plant the poison "just above the knee."

We hope it "took" and presume the balance of the Haddonfield physicians hope *he* gets the small-pox.

—Q—

Special Wire to the Boys!

If you ever make love to a girl in a hallway, be sure you don't lean against the doorbell.

—Q—

Bill: "I understand you lost 180 pounds last month, Jim. Anything serious?"

Jim: "Nope. My wife eloped with the preacher."

—Q—

We will now resurrect an old but popular "war song:"
"Here comes the Bride."

—Q—

The twelve temptations of man are, 11 bottles of booze and a woman.

—Q—

Women complain the least in February, because it's the shortest month.

—Q—

"FRITCHERING!"

—Q—



FELL over that word and dadgumed nigh busted my cork leg. My first thought was that some Volsteadian linotyper had fallen asleep on the keyboard, with both arms advanced. Later I discovered my error, but not until I had worn a Funk & Wagnall volumn, dog-eared. No I didn't find it among that choice collection of lingo. I located it among the private vocabulary of Congressman Herrick, of Texas.

Brer. Herrick is the statesman who has managed to keep the newspaper fraternity and the kitten colony of Washington, D. C., leaning far out over the brink of nervous prostration. He said he wanted to prove something or another, so he started something (or another) that he couldn't stop.

He inserted advertisements in several papers in which he is said to have elaborated on his personal appearance, superlovable qualities, etc., and so-forth. Your first guess as to who rushed to answer, is the right one. One day the male element projected themselves on the scene. A congressional coat-tail lay flat on the official ozone as its wearer did a rapid Marathon through the rooms.

When the scribes began chronicling his miraculous career and escapades, he waxed warm under the ears and started "soots" galore.

About the same time or approximately so, an actress lady began angling for a string of the Herrick rupees, alleging her love had been tossed in the discard. She didn't want much—just enough to keep the coyote off the stoop and the congressman on the anxious seat.

And then Herrick went back to Texas. If he hadn't,

the world would never have known what it had been "fritchered" out of!

He, being a member of congress and having acquired the habit, made a speech. The daily from which I get my first lesson in "fritchering" solemnly avers that Manuel had a hundred Texans in his audience.

"'September Morn' will take to the tall and uncut when I return to Washington and launch my vice campaign in cities like Atlantic City, Newport, Boston and New York," he remarked as he uncorked his first stanza.

Well, goodbye, you Eastern burghers! Farewell, you Ninth-month undraped! You're due for a "fritchering" such as you'll never forget, when Herrick sashayes through your haunts and reeds.

—Q—

HAM AN'

—Q—



FATHER KELLEY and Rabbi Cohen were the best of friends. One night they were guests at a little "feed" when the viands were passed, a ham-sandwich was placed on each guest's plate.

Father Kelley glanced at the camouflaged swine-steak and with a sly nudge against the elbow of his neighbor, whispered:

"Rabbi, when are you going to lay aside that old stuff and eat ham?"

The Rabbi's eyes twinkled as he answered with a smile:

"At your wedding, Father Kelley."

—Q—

The return of the long skirt will mean that a firm specializing in men's eyeglasses is going to have a slump in business.

"BARE HIDES" AND "BEAR HIDES"

—Q—

THE readers of one of America's greatest dailies, are being urged to dope it out as to why "Betty Blythe's nudity doesn't shock like Theda's or Annette's." A most laudable dope-problem, eh, Brethren? Personally, I don't know why Betty's raw and ravishing beauty isn't so shocking as either of the other ladies mentioned. Perhaps it's because I never had a "close up" view of either of the undressed poultry.

But the great daily prints a photographic reproduction of all three. If I should do that in *Quirt*, the Long-Hairs from Honolulu to Hoboken, would start gunning for me. But the hypocrites have their rooms papered with that sort of raw material!

Now the three "beauties" pictured in the daily are said to be Betty Blythe, Theda Bara and Annette Kellerman and there's just about enough clothing on the trio to make a shroud for a deceased cockroach.

Annette's dolled out in an abbreviated bathing suit and a hair ribbon. Got her hands on her hips like a Dago washerwoman, and her lips pursed out like she was getting ready to suck an egg. She's a chesty bird—knows it and is anxious to let the world acquire her knowledge.

Betty is shown hunched over in a big armchair—one hand supporting her lower jaw—her eyes "sot" as though she were "seeing things"—her entire attitude eloquent of a kid with the mumps. She has almost as many clothes on as a two-bit Christmas doll when it leaves the factory.

Theda! Well, you all know Theda by sight if not sound. What few clothes she has on can hardly be distinguished in the blur of the white-print chaos. I presume she has something wearable in her clothes closet, but for-

got it when she posed for the "great moral journal's" uplift expose.

And the editorial mugwump who Underwoods the chatter about the charms of the noted trio. That bird cackles like a cuckoo—and fails to append a signature. It must be a he-scribe. A woman would get mad before she had finished describing the trio's lack of costume. We'll let the E. M. warble a few lines. Speaking of Betty who appears in the "Queen of Sheba," "it" makes a director say:

"Absence of clothing does not always give the effect of nudity nor arouse sensual emotions. The case of Miss Blythe is remarkable" etc.

Perhaps the "more holy than thou" gang can tune their imagination high enough to see that an "absence of clothing does not always give the effect of nudity," but mine won't pitch that high. My youthful education was just barely sufficient to enable me to distinguish the narrow chasm between "bare hide" and "bear hide." Perhaps some of my more ethereal brethren and sister-en can see a "bare hide" and imagine the aspiration to be trussed up like an Esquimo. I can't, and I'm not alone.

But I am in hearty accord with the "director" when he says that "the case of Miss Blythe is remarkable." I agree with him!

If a buxom cashier in a five-and-dime store should step out into the ozone with no more on her plump form than Miss Blythe is pictured as wearing, I'd hate to think what would happen to the reckless damsel! If she didn't get shot by a nervous policeman before she'd run a block, the Civic Leaguers would Simon Legree her to a sudden demise, and if she escaped their clutches, the Cotton-Mouth Christians would beat her to death with clubs of scorn.

It took the "director" and the editorial jabberwock almost two columns to rid their systems of the Betty-beauty-

in-the-nude stuff—and the dear old gullible public fell over itself to read the slush!

When it came to depicting the nudity of Ann and Thed, the “bare-editor” and the “director” had harder sledding. Perhaps they were partial, cranks, hard-to-please sap-heads. I don’t know.

At any rate they muttered that Ann and Thed didn’t fit into the atmosphere so snugly when undressed as some other “beauties” and explained all this by criticizing both because of “a consciousness of being nude.” Wal, by Heck!

I have no desire to impugn the chastity of either of these young women. I mention them only because their bare-charms were exploited in a daily paper which boasts that it can be “read in any home” and the moral snoops who stick their pestiferous noses into everybody’s business but their own—who demand that *Quirt* be barred from news stands because *they* don’t like it, enter no protest when the daily press exploits nudity of form under the flimsy camouflage of “art.” Art me eye! A “bare hide” isn’t a “bear hide.”

—Q—

While blasting stumps, a Michigan farmer had one of his legs blown off. It was 20 miles to the nearest doctor and after several hours delay the M. D. arrived. His first question was whether any effort had been made to sterilize the mangled part, but his language was too technical for the farmer’s wife.

“Did you do anything to kill the germs where the leg was blown off, did you bathe it with hot water?” queried the doctor trying to make his language simple.

“Lord, you don’t expect any germs to be living after being hit with a rock the size of a washtub?” scornfully answered the woman. “If that wouldn’t kill ’em, they wouldn’t mind a little hot water.”

TAUNTING THE BOVINE

—Q—



MAN has a right to change his mind—if he has a mind to change and proves the change is sincere by actions and not by the wiggle of his jaws.

Bill Sunday is teasing sinners to hit the saw-dust trail down at Tulsa, Oklahoma. Typical of Bill to hang around close to “oil”—where even the atmosphere is greasy. *He can poke his linguistic gump down the gullets of his dupes with less effort.*

A few weeks ago, Bill was over Los Angeles way, barking through the “news channels” of the press about a dead girl’s faults and frailties; about an uncensored film world. Something in Bill has snapped and his jaw wags at a different angle. His mind hasn’t changed, nor the “method of his madness”—only the bark.

Bill is now advocating “censored” movies. The pressure of public criticism *swung Bill’s jaw*; but the mind of a man who would sneer at the human weakness of a dead girl, *doesn’t change.*


Bill’s got a “tabernacle” down in Tulsa; a platform from which he hurls defiance at a myth and an altar upon which lies the Message from a Man that he never followed—who wouldn’t have let him trail Him around for an hour.

And bellowing from the altar of that crude temple of ignorance a few Sabbaths ago, Bill berated “suggestive movies.” Why? Why, Bill knew Theda Bara was in the city! As though Bara cared a damn what Bill Sunday said! She knew, as every sane man or woman knows, that Bill was *bellowing for effect* and as a “business” proposition.

Theda answered the bombast’s balderdash, by wearing a flaming red hat down the main drag of Tulsa. *She wasn’t afraid of Bill’s line of bul!* She’d heard him bellow before.

AGIN THE LAW!

—Q—

 H DEAH! The Long Beach, California, "sawsiety" folks are actually shocked, doncherno!

Sailor Schapani of the U. S. S. *Arizona* has a wife who likes to shake a hoof occasionally. So does her "tar-boy." The *Arizona* is picketed out in the sound off Long Beach and when he isn't busy swatting flies in the "crow's nest," Sailor Schapani is ashore making love to his own wife. Perhaps that's what shocked the Long Beachers!

One afternoon not long ago, Schapani escorted his wife down to the beach sand, where he took a reef in her mid-rib section with his right arm and together (not alone) they started imitating some of New Yawk's swell society folks—that is, they stepped out and shook a naughty shimmy.

Because of the crowd and the snow-banks between "we'uns" and the dancers, we didn't get a fair show—are indebted to our Western correspondent for what happened. But he (and he's a very timid, retiring, bashful youth) didn't seem to be hurt internally even though he took in the entire show. It was different with the police-lady who was on duty at the beach.

She was exceeding wroth—so much so that she snouled both the sailor and the sailor's wife. They have a dance-ordinance in Long Beach, violation of which entails a penalty almost as severe as spearing fish out of season or shooting sapheads with a club: they slam one, 5 hundred discs as a maximum fine or 6 months in the stout-house or both.

The bench-owl before whom Schapani and his wife were dragged, must have received his dancing education in a church basement or a stable loft. At any rate he refused to accept the sailor's explanation that the dance he and his

wife had participated in was strictly moral and generally indulged in by the society hooligans of New York.

As a result, the attorneys are getting ready to appeal the case—may have done so ere these hieroglyphics are in print, which same leads me to meander around the pasture of “thought”:

That old Ben Lindsay of Denver had the right hunch when he muttered that there is one law for the rich and another for those who have failed to garner the kush. The aristocratic kitten flashes all over the ball-room beach with but little more on than Nature presented her with at the start; her hair-lipped “escort” dangles around her waist like a string of small beads and they get away with it or get a full page in the society column of the Sabbath editions.

A sailor is satisfied to squeeze his own wife’s slats; tickled to death to get close enough to her neck to chew his ship’s monogram above her collar; proud enough of her to “trip the light fantastic” with her in a public place, and he’s given the hook!

And then the bench-hoo-hoo’s wonder why the plebeian herd doesn’t suffer a stroke of apoplexy or cockeye, every time they show up!

—Q—

A race of savages has been discovered in Africa whose skins are blue. There are plenty of savage people with blue skins in this country when they roll out of bed with the thermometer hitting 30 below and the janitor has let the fires go out.

—Q—

You don’t have to do anything in this world except die—and get married when the sheriff acts as your best man.

—Q—

Gawge declares that every time he looks in a mirror his head reminds him of a dollar bill—one “bone.”

A VETERAN'S REWARD!

—Q—

SOME men are so dammean and ornery and cantankerous and heartless, that one sometimes regrets that there isn't a Hell—not one of those mildly tropical summer resorts, but a real brimstone bathing beach with all the trimmings.

Atherton Coleman of Pacific Grove, California, was a

married man before we decided to "make the world safe for Democracy" and tough for the "Huns." When the first call came, Coleman kissed his wife goodbye, shouldered his war-burden and went across.

He had nothing to leave his wife except his love and the knowledge that her husband was a MAN.



It is the same old story that gains in nothing except bitterness by the retelling. While soldier Coleman wallowed Rhinelandward through the mud and blood of Flanders, Soldier Coleman's wife back home, wallowed through such wretched poverty as she had never known. When Soldier Coleman tramped the duck-boards and stretched his weary form at night in a bed of *mud*, his wife back home, tramped the streets *searching for work and bread*.

Crushed, beaten, in the unequal struggle—wounded beyond hope of recovery in the age-old struggle for existence, the wife fell a victim to the "white scourge." And then her soldier husband came home, after 18 months in that European hell—a medal for bravery on his breast; an honorable discharge in his pocket.

Came home to what? To find his wife smiling bravely through her tears, knowing in her heart of hearts that the "great sacrifice" had been made, that in a little, O, what a little while! and she would step into the Mists—alone.

Our swivel-chair "patriots" howled themselves hoarse when the boys marched away. They filled the air and newspapers with glowing promises and the man brave enough to question their sincerity, they cursed as a "Hun within our gates" or a "traitor."

Today, in the eyes of every man, whether or not he donned the uniform of *our* country, they stand branded as shams, lip patriots and liars.

Soldier Coleman faced the future in his home city with the same steady braveness that he faced the German guns. Surely "in God's country" he could find work to do! He could earn enough to give his loyal wife every care—enough at least so she could win back her vanished health.

In the trenches he *knew* where to find the foe. The flash of their guns betrayed their location. At home there were no gun flashes. No trenches. No sound, but God, the strife! Everywhere the same silence—the same blank wall. Not a chance—not an opportunity to fight that invisible, relentless foe—*starvation*.

No money to pay the landlord, Coleman moved his sick wife into an unheated garage, no gas, no electricity, nothing but the roof and walls and floor.

And then the spirit that has made America unconquerable:

Soldier Coleman put away his medal, his honorable discharge and his army record and lowered himself to the level of an Asiatic: *He "took in" washing!* Think of it, you fat-paunched coupon-clippers! This man who had looked death in the face and *laughed*, who had *enlisted* while *you* were

sweating blood in fear of the *draft*, forced to wash the dirty linen of your brats and yourselves—

Or starve!

They had an ordinance in Pacific Grove, an ordinance sired beyond doubt by swivel-chair patriots and jaw-warriors, an ordinance that imposed a tribute (though they called it a "license") of twenty dollars, upon any one who fought the battle for bread over the broad surface of a washboard. "Operating a laundry" they called it.

I said they "had" such an ordinance. By wire I am informed it has been repealed, but evidently not until the rumor had leaked out that a direct line between that village and *Quirt* was being opened. Doubtless the bitter protest of the village attorney against the vicious thing, had much to do with its repeal.

One of the most "prominent" citizens of that "Specific Coast" city, I am informed owns and operates a large laundry. Is it necessary for me to state that this prominent citizen *didn't enlist? Never won any medals nor lay in pools of bloody clay?* I don't think so, but he went to the proper officials *and demanded that this 100 per cent American soldier pay the license tribute or quit business?* Can you beat it? You can't. You could comb hell with a fine-tooth cootie rake and you couldn't find an equal—a parallel.

"How much was the soldier making at the tub?" Why, the munificent sum of *forty dollars per month!*

Two weeks over the wash-tub in order to *pay for the right to live!* Even the city attorney protested against the bitter injustice. But citizen *Mauzey* is a staunch supporter of "law and order"—even if he *didn't fight for it in the Flanders' Fields!*

Senate and Congress twiddle thumbs and refuse to pass the Soldier Bonus Bill. The Fat Boys fight against it. The press is as openly opposed to it as it can be and save

its face to bawl of its patriotism. And while these agencies of vast wealth fight against giving the boys who smiled in the eyeless sockets of the Grim Reaper, who joked as they marched and fought and sang as they died, these boys, thousands of them, are tramping the streets, sleeping in sheds, half fed, half clothed and neglected. Forgotten by the lip-patriots, the jaw-warriors and the Fat Boys who *stayed at home or proved their patriotism for one dollar per year!*

If Soldier Atherton Coleman were given that which he and his Comrades have earned a thousand times—a *bonus*—he would have had no need to sink to an Asiatic's level in order to provide the barest of necessities for his sick wife. He is but one among tens of thousands, and yet I wonder:

How many readers of *Quirt* have a dollar (no more) that they will send to this brave fellow, Soldier Atherton Coleman, Pacific Grove, California, *not* as charity, but as a token of appreciation "*for services rendered,*" in order that he may be able to give his sick wife proper medical treatment and a home—not a garage?

Quirt's "widow's mite" is already on the way. Send it to him, not me. Let's show the Fat Boys that the Rough-necks haven't forgotten their debt to the boys who fought to "make the world safe for democracy" and returning from the fight, found themselves jobless!

My dear sir, there are doubtless a covey of Long Hairs in Pacific Grove who will be glad to rush to your assistance and demand that *Quirt* be barred from the news stands because it "tends to aid in the delinquency of minors." Call your cooties and sic 'em on.

FOURFLUSHERS

—Q—

By "ABE"

WHAT is a Fourflusher? We turn to Webster. No record. Perhaps in his day there was no such a thing as Fourflusher. Fourflusher is a new word in the new language of Slang. A Fourflusher is a Scissor-bill and a False Alarm who tries to make you believe he is something that he *is not*. The country today is full of this brand of Vermin.

If you will take the trouble to look thru the magazine advertisements, and those magazines which are devoted to the Motion Picture Industry, you will find them by the hundreds. You have Fourflushers among your acquaintances—so have I. You see old Hook 'Em Cow trim the burghers daily on short weight and short change and on every Sabbath morning you see this old bird chanting hymns and leading 'em at prayer. He's one kind of a Fourflusher.

You see High Heeled Susie, the Woof of a Ledger Juggler who breaks his back sixteen hours per diem trying to force a trial balance, trailing along after the Social Hounds and attending the functions of Bankers' wives and next day she runs over to your shack and wants to borrow some salt. She can't see you at all when the flivver's got up steam, for the smoke of the Zinc Smelters but when she wants to borrow something she's always on deck. She is another type of Fourflusher.

There's another type of Fourflusher that we low brows call Blatherskites. A Blatherskite is a bird who creeps up and down the sawdust trail saving sinners and afterwards sits in at a little quiet game of Stud Poker, or elopes with one of the Deacon's Skillet Manipulators, or steps out and defends Motion Picture Renegades and libertines, for cheap notoriety or Yid kale.

We have all kinds of Fourflushers, different varieties and different species. There is a species of Fourflusher who grace the Mirror Screen with their buxomness and clumsiness. The line of Gaff that their press agents let loose on a gullible public causes that said public to gasp for the ozone at times. The public falls for this noise and lauds the Fourflushers to the skies and then the first thing we know the Gendarme has stowed 'em away in a bat cave to answer to indecent tactics pulled in public hostelryes. This last type of Fourflusher is the one that I term the *Movie Bird*. The female of this species is termed *wampus kittens*. The Movie game is turning up the worst bunch of Fourflushers and False Alarms that have ever been thrown on the public.

To listen to the Movie Magazines rave, these birds have million buck shacks in Hollywood—in that exclusive section monickered far and wide as Beverly Hills. The Dames wear Ermine Raglands and push around sky blue limousines with Jap butlers and fondle imported purps that cost a fortune. Bunc, pure and simple!

The Swains amuse themselves hittin' the shell roads with Mercer Speedsters and imitating the Bird Men and holding "receptions." More Bunc. Chin Music of the worst variety! Have you ever been in Hollywood, friend? Well, when you get out there here is what you'll see:

That dame press agented as a Russian Countess was a former Mutton Toter in a Ham Cavern and instead of hanging out in that million dollar cave, this dame can be seen barking her shins up against some cheap soup dug-out
ing to get by on a bean sandwich. Her wardrobe doesn't
look as good as the wardrobe of some scrub women! Instead of pushing that "Lemon-sine" around the Sepulcher, this dame hot foots it to and from the studio where she draws down her 12 bucks a week and considers herself lucky at that. If she would have saved some of her change

and not donated it to these hot air motion picture publications to run her pictures and a line of bunc, she could afford a plain dress of calico. Her general appearance is that of a female hobo. Don't let 'em kid you, Brother, with that old spoof.

The Veranda Vermin, meaning the Males, have to borrow a dress suit if they appear in a social scene!

They rent a stall somewhere down in Jap town that they call a room, for six bits per week. And they all Chow at the Salt Lake Coffee House where they can get sinkers and wash it down with weak Mocha for a Kanickle. They haven't even got the "makins" but they got the habit. I've seen some Fourflushers in my time but this brand of cooties take the Prunes!

When you get out where the Golden West ends, you'll find that things are not what they seem, girls, and all is not gold that glitters. If you see Gazelles parading around in a blue coal-oil Chariot with their monickers done in gold on it, it's only temporary. Some other dame will be driving it around next week. This class of Female is not working in regular Movies. They're just some film promoters' "sweetie" for the time being. There are some girls out there working in Movies when they can get the work, but they don't sport any benzine phaetons or ermine raglands.

Don't up and leave the Coffee Urn and rush out to Hollywood to shine in Flickers even if you *are* totin' soup in a Chinaman's joint. Stay with Coffee Urn, kid—it's got Flickers beat a city block. You can hang onto a coffee urn and still be *decent*. That's something. There's one thing certain the Yellow man isn't a Davenport Reptile! *ing*

When you get to Hollywood you'll find ten thousand Janes there already who have you skinned to death for looks and shape. Those that wish to remain decent are slowly starving to death. Those that want to Skylark with the

Movie frauds, have got change to eat now and then but only temporary. Take it from me, Edna, there's no legitimate work in Los Angeles for good looking Muffs.

Movie Bull has cost many a decent hasher her virtue; it has lured many an innocent High School girl from the fireside of a good home and fond parents, to become a nameless Skylarker; it has caused many a dame's grave to be dug in the Potters' field; it has caused many a boob to dissipate his few Iron Pups trying to write sob stuff for the flickers. The same thing has caused many a widow to shell out her last rupee to learn how to write Skenarios when it should have been used to keep Lobo off the Stoop.

Of all the dirty, low browed, filthy and leperous Bunkerino I have ever lamped it's the Movie stuff that is scattered by these Four Flushing Motion Picture magazines. It is these Vultures who are chiefly responsible for girls being ruined, by their silvery chatter in cold type. The Movie is not only a gamble but a *swindler* of *virtue*. The victim of this Graft is the Simple Doll gone crazy by the reflection of her own perfect 36. It is these unsophisticated Kittens who are caught in the slimy tentacles of this Movie Hoakum; victims that need their Kushino; victims that can not afford to lose. Those who can afford to lose know it's the bunc, hence shy off. It's the simps who keep this graft alive.

Watch that little fairy in YOUR home, Neighbor, and don't let this twilight larvae in the form of this movie bovine critter ensnare the sunshine of your fireside in its leperous grasp.

—Q—

Golf is nothing but shinny grown up and in society.

—Q—

Prohibition comes as close as near beer to being effective.

TO QUIRT READERS

—Q—

Heretofore I have not encouraged QUIRT readers to send in yearly subscriptions. I did this out of loyalty to the newsdealers—the vast majority of whom have been mighty loyal to me.

But here and there over the country, newsdealers are being intimidated by buccaneers operating under the nom de plume of “Civic Leaguers”—the residue of the Dark Ages—the lineal descendents of Witch-burners of Colonial Days; the “hang-overs” of Inquisitorial days.

These sycophants, “purists,” profess to be more highly intelligent than you and I of the common herd; more “moral” than the “mine run” of mortals. They want to bar QUIRT from the news stands; NOT because, as they falsely charge, it is “smutty” BUT BECAUSE THEY HATE THE TRUTH.

I have faith in the intelligence of my fellowman. I believe Nature endowed you and I with as much respect for law and decency as she ever pumped into the anatomy of a puritanical prude. QUIRT is not a “reform” sheet. It isn’t “reform” that we need—IT’S A CHANGE!

Ridicule is a thousand times more effective as a

social (or moral) disinfectant than the gnarled club of suppression. Sarcasm sears the gangrenous growth in our social wound, giving Nature free rein to sooth and heal.

But the "purists," the sanctimonious hypocrites, masquerading as "censors of public morals" want no disinfectant, no acrid tincture—IT STIFLES THEM AND BURNS THEIR HIDE!

So I am going to make a special yearly subscription price.

I will send QUIRT one year (no 6 months sub accepted) to any address in the civilized world for TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if you send in your subscription before March 1st, 1922.

Write your name and address VERY plainly. Send remittance in Post Office or Express money order and make it payable to QUIRT—not QUIRT Publishing Co., for "there ain't no sech critter."

Address

QUIRT

420 So. 6th St.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

AT FIVE PER PINT

—Q—

THE reformers of Oklahoma City were thrown into a panic not long ago when a gentleman slightly under the influence of hooch was found wandering aimlessly and unsteadily through the municipality.

They couldn't dope it out how the pickled pedestrian had accumulated the wobble. Frogs, tadpoles and even

small fish had miraculously rained down from the heavens in various parts of the globe, but even the heavens were supposed to be devoid of moisture "down Okla-City way."



But here was a lonesome jag perambulating down the main stem—soused to the eves and nary a native able to connect with a drop! The police

force turned out and escorted the disciple of deceased Bacchus down to the city hold-over.

The entire force gathered 'round the latest "find." Lips that had been cracked for weeks, were licked afresh. "Frisk 'im," ordered the sergeant. Every copper in the room reached out two hands. They *all* wanted to be first. A bottle was finally located and the police reporters on the outskirts of the crowd thought something serious had happened—the chorus of "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" was nearly deafening.

But there was only one bottle and:

"Where'd you get the hooch?" roared the sergeant. The culprit had lost his memory.

"What'd you pay for it?" came the anxious query.

"Five bucks," muttered the stewed-one.

Some one found a corkscrew. Goodbye little hooch vial! A pint ain't got no show at all in any crowd, wet or dry, but a crowd of Okla-City coppers—none a-tall!

The "Sarg" took a timid swig and then came the explosion—"Hell, it's nuthin' but water!" The coppers went back to their beats—heads down, feet heavy, hope gone.

I don't know when they'll turn the Oklahoma City piped-one out in the ozone again, but in Minneapolis a man with a bottle of water on his hip is such a rare bird that they put them in the museum when they find them—which same ain't happened yet.

—Q—

The latest local "hit," entitled "Soup-line Formed to Aid City's Homeless" was sung by the daily journalistic chorus on December First. The Fat Boys hurt their hands and sprained their necks in uproarious applause. Demanding encore after encore, they were slipped the old-new stuff entitled, "Normalcy Has Returned to Stay"; "Few Out of Employment Who Wish to Work" and that sweet old ballad, "The Wabblies Are to Blame for it all." On their way homeward, the Fat gang rendered several favorites ranging from "Gimme th' Coupon Shears" and "Kick Hell out of McGinty's Pay-check," to "Oh, You Ol' Soup Bone."

—Q—

If Greece wins the war against Turkey we suppose one of the provisions of the peace treaty will be the shoe shining and fruit store concessions in Constantinople.

—Q—

In a New York law suit two experts measured a woman's ankle and both submitted different figures. Probably force of habit was responsible for the one turning in the larger measurements.

SOMETHING FROM NOTHING

—Q—

THESE are the birds who were twittering that "new fashions" in feminine wear would be longer and hide more?

Like the auk, they have disappeared—so has most of the cloth that used to hide the hide of "milady."

As we have remarked upon other and less momentous occasions, the style and lack of cloth for mother's evening gown, sister's dinner raglan and daughter's afternoon creation, comes from Paris.

We Yanks can manufacture about everything else but styles and we—the feminine section of *US*—have to get our patterns cut and our legs pulled by the guys we paid LaFayette's outlawed debt to.

The "first night of the fashion show" opened in Paris early in November, though why they had to "open" it, I don't know—there was so little covered!

The "most fashionably dressed women wore *nothing* above the waist except a narrow triangular flap, the upper point of which was fastened four inches below the neck by ropes of pearls."

Thank God, there were no kitchen mechanics, chambermaids, char-women or shop girls present! The entire crowd was of the upper stratum and every one knows without being told *that the more pungent the stink, the higher it goes!*

We are left to assume, as we struggle through the press accounts of that "show" that the ropes of pearls were the sole support of the "narrow flap" which constituted the wearer's entire protection from microbes and elements—above her waist; and if she was what the ladies call "long waisted," why, more of her projected from underneath the "flap."

As the average "society" lady is wider than a "narrow flap" at the top, something had to be done to cover her undraped portion.

Leave it to the style mongers of gay Paree to take care of that!

They did. The fashionable ones were given their choice between "green rabbits, pink cats and other fantastic animals"—not the kind that roam the back alley range or hatch out of colored Easter eggs, but the kind that artists paint when they're lit up like a Yuletide spruce.

I never witnessed the performance, but presume it's staged about like:

The "narrow flap" is properly adjusted—the artist compounds a riot of colors to suit the fastidious taste of the society dame—she braces up against the mantel, picks out her animal and the artist goes to work. In fifteen minutes, the old bird is decorated like a cannibal queen. Her back either "meows" or purrs, depending on whether the artistic one outlined a "pur-sian" kitty or an ordinary "yaller" feline. Maybe it's neither. Maybe it's a cross between a Belgian hare and a snow-shoe bunny—but at any rate the lady is fully "dressed."

The effects of this new fad were so "stunning" that even the blunted sense of decency of Parisian plutes was sufficiently jarred to make them declare, that: "... The reaction against short skirts is already setting in."

That's about all it has done—just "set in" (and slipped down).

They added six inches to the skirt's bottom and took off all there was at the top!

I'd like to call the attention of the Union of She-prudes and ex-cuspidor wranglers who go to make up the largest gum-shoe army of snoops and commissary "drags" the world ever produced, that my information regarding the

"first night of the Parisian fashion *show*" was obtained from an elaborate account of the affair recently published in one of our "great moral journals" and if they feel like throwin' another half-hitch around the morals of their particular community, by pushing that dear old journalistic cuckoo off the roost, I'll send 'em a photograph of the entire article. Not bein' teetotally depraved, I am not reproducing it verbatim—and besides the journalistic moralists thought so much of their stuff *they had it copyrighted*.

—Q—

HOW MEAN?

—Q—

I SUPPOSE," said a lady to the street car conductor, "if I pay the fare for my dog, he will be treated the same as any other passenger and be allowed to occupy a seat."

"Certainly," replied the fare-hound, "certainly, if you pay his fare he will be treated exactly as any other passenger and can occupy a seat—providing he doesn't put his feet on the cushions."

She's wondering yet what he meant.

—Q—

This town's so "dry" a quart of booze
Would start a fair-sized riot;
Yet every day the police court "news"
Tell exactly where to buy it.

—Q—

I want the names and addresses of from 10 to ten thousand live, Independent newsdealers and am willing to pay for them. Who's got them?

—Q—

Short skirts have kept many a man from getting married to a bowlegged woman.

JEST PIPED, THAT'S ALL!

—Q—

*When th' stuff you've been drinkin' sets every one
thinkin'*

*That you've slept in an old Chinese "junk,"
Like a lone wolf you howl and you blink like an
owl,
You're drunk, Old Timer, you're drunk!*

*When everything's swayin', an' every one's sayin'
"Take one more" (though it tastes very punk)
An' th' birds you've been treatin' all go to a meetin'
You're drunk, Old Timer, you're drunk!*

*When your old head's a whirlin' an' everything's
swirlin'
An' you grin like an African monk,
An' your stomach's refusin' to go on with th'
boozin'
You're drunk, Old Timer, you're drunk!*

*When th' thirst you've been quenchin' has had
quite a drenchin'
An' your talk sounds a great deal like bunc,
If while in this condition, you "Hurrah for Prohibi-
tion,"
You're drunk, Old Timer, you're drunk!*

—Rife.

———Q———

Extract from a letter written during A. E. F. days:
"..... the government furnishes us food and clothes,
also a little tobacco, but we have to pay for wine, beer, etc.,
(not to censor—"etc." doesn't mean what you think it
does.)"

HE HAD ONE COMING

—Q—



CECIL A. POPE of Chicago, thought he had married an invalid, but he hadn't. His wife, according to her simple tale, was reclining on a hospital couch when Cecil reported that the wedding bells were ready to clatter. At his passionate request, so she declares, she elbowed herself off the couch and into the glad-rags so essential at a matrimonial circus. Just as soon as the pagan-token was on her digit, she retired to the H. C. Cecil didn't.

Some years later, his wife rehashed all this for his especial benefit. He failed to applaud when she grew tragic, and she moved on his front line trench.

That battle of the "Marm" took place in the aristocratic Lorraine hotel in New York. Cecil was slumbering peacefully out in the lobby when friend wife chanced along. She reached over and cracked him on the bean with a shoe-heel. He regained consciousness later.

As soon as his bump had shrunk so he could wear a hat, he purchased tickets for two for Chicago. Perhaps he thought she would tame down when she got a whiff of lake shore and stockyard odors. But she didn't.

They were entertaining friends at a little dinner in the Del Pardo. Cecil laughed at the wrong time and wifey slapped him silly.

Later that same season, they were "enjoying" an evening at the Colonial theatre, Chicago. Cecil opened his mouth to release the tension on his ears and the old lady biffed him one. He squawked and she rapped him another. He made so much racket in trying to induce her to quit that the orchestra couldn't make itself heard and the show adjourned—to the street, where Mrs. Cecil finished her job.

Yes, the judge granted Cecil a divorce—he looked like he needed a couple of 'em!

LOVE'S TRIBUTE

—Q—

AT this time when jackals are tearing at the character of the dead girl, Virginia Rappe, who met her death at the close of a hooch festival given in greasy Arbuckle's hotel apartment, it is refreshing to hear a voice, tender with love and strong with the great Faith, raised above the jungle-pack's rancorous yelps, in defense of her good name.

The same "respectable family journals" which gave so much space and prominence to the dead girl's traducers, packed the loving tribute to her memory and life, away in obscure corners else omitted it entirely.

He is an "unknown" poet and artist, feeding his soul on the beauties of life—starving his body on husks thrown him by a savage world.

"I loved Virginia Rappe for her innocence, her beauty and her glorious charm" this unknown said of the dead girl. For days he had been paying daily visits to her grave, leaving each time a humble tribute of his love.

He knew Virginia Rappe and knowing her, "loved her for her innocence." Yet the character assassins who rushed to defend the hulking pachyderm, could see no other way to save his miserable hide than by spewing venom on her good name, heaping vile calumny on the helpless, voiceless dead.

—————Q—————

Since the Congressman Blanton episode the Congressional Record is read more closely by a great many people.

—————Q—————

If blind pigs were but half as blind
As police who "try" to find them,
There'd be so few pigs of that kind
The people wouldn't mind them.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING

—Q—

ED FARRINGTON, said to be "the richest man in Connecticut" had employed four sky-pilots to tie the matrimonial knot at his wedding in the big church at Waterbury. For a few critical seconds, it looked like Ed didn't have enough preachers to turn the trick.

The wedding march had dwindled down to a slow walk

and the chief bible thumper had reached the "will you take this" stage and the near-bride was all flustered and blushed-up when an elderly lady who had been holding a stop-watch on the proceedings, jumped to her feet with a "STOP!" screech that made the preacher's bald head turn pink.



He stuttered and choked and Ed started to high-ball him, when a buxom young woman stepped to the front and extended "exhibit A"—a lusty youngster—a recent arrival from the "beautiful land of Somewhere."

Poor devil, she couldn't talk for tears. But her mother wasn't afflicted with leaky tear-ducts. Her eyes were case-hardened, and her voice bit like a blast of Arctic ozone.

"This man (pointing one long finger direct at the he-star, Ed) is the father of this child."

The preacher nearly swallowed his Adam's Apple, but at a look from Ed, he fumbled with the connubial hemp until he got the knot tied. He had to! If he had had a conscience, the nice greasy fee he and his fellow bulconists had in view for that knot-tying seance would have gone glim-

mering and like another of his illustrious ilk, his "business" would have been all shot to H—. And so he tied the knot that made the father of one woman's child, the husband of another. And the church folk profess to wonder why the rabble has so little respect for the ministerial profession—the gentry who, by long and studious effort, have acquired a cross between an "angelic look" and the vacant stare of a hooch-stew! And, Farrington, "one of the richest men in Connecticut?"

O, he says "'taint so." No one expected him to "own the corn." Man is inherently, generically and historically a liar in such matters, and Farrington is only a man.

When a man is charged with parentage as the result of an illicit "affair," the world smiles, forgets and forgives him, in ten days—but his victim, never.

—Q—

You may shout about your Broadway "shrills"

Who shake a wicked shimmy

But I've met a few Kentucky "stills"

That would give these birds the "jimmies."

—Q—

Town girls may wear out tires and brakes

As through our city streets they dash,

But when it comes to skill it takes

The corn-fed girl to make a "mash."

—Q—

Onions will build you up physically, but they'll knock you down socially.

—Q—

A man never appreciates real happiness until he's married (and then it's usually too late).

—Q—

It's a wise youth who knows where father keeps his hooch.

A FAT SAMARITAN

—Q—

WE must have been mistaken! Instead of a very rash, rough pachyderm as principal in the hooch party that brought death to Virginia Rappe, the movie star, it was a "booful," jovial, generous goofy hulk, all heart, sympathy and feet.

I confess I didn't know this until I read the account of Flatty's symposium of self-laudation. I wonder how that bird got this far along life's road without his wings bothering him? He isn't a "star," he's an angel! A regular "mammy's 'ittle angel chee-ild."

The old biblical gent who pulled the "good Samaritan" stunt was a rookie, a piker. When *he* found a guy who had been sapped cuckoo by a stick-up gent, he swabbed his bumps and slipped him two bits to eat on when his jaws limbered up. Floskoe went the ancient one, one better.

He didn't know there was to be a hooch-fest that fatal evening. He was all dolled up in his little b. v. d.'s and a rubber grin. When the gang commenced to ooze in, he felt the scarcity of his apparel and crawled into a bath-robe. He was *so* timid and sensitive!

He couldn't stand the noise—it gave him a head-ache in his feet! He "had an engagement to go out with Mrs. Taube *a few minutes after Miss Rappe is alleged to have been injured. . . .*" The italics are mine. They are significant.

A lady who decorates her name with the sign of "Mrs." is presumed to have a husband.

The "engagement" must have been arranged prior to the ice episode—possibly the summer before. It's what one might safely call a "sudden engagement"—one of the "spontaneous combustion" sort.

At any rate, the "deah boy" who simply couldn't be

rough or tough, started to shed his bath robe for more conventional rags. It was necessary to enter another room, possibly on account of his extremely bashful disposition, to make the change. There he "found" Miss Rappe in his room. Mamma, what a jar that was! Here was an innocent fat boy, a verdant youth, green as a cucumber, nothing on to speak of, cheeks burning with blushes, trying to keep an engagement with a perfectly lovely married lady and he with scarce enough clothes on to swab a shot-gun—he ducks for the seclusion of his room and finds a beautiful young girl writhing in agony on the floor! It must have been a terrible shock to the poor boy.

But like the biblical buckoo, he "arose to the occasion." He picked the girl up and staggered (that is doubtless the right word) to the bed, where he dumped her. Of course some folks might expect him to have held her in his "great strong arms" 'til the ambulance came, but he didn't.

And after he had unloaded her on the bunk, he got her a drink of *water*. And with booze so close at hand! That boy should be spanked. He's too simple to let roam at large.

After he had poured a dipper of water down her neck, he retired in disorder to the bathroom. I don't know whether he ditched the bath robe then or after he was on the road that night, hitting the high spots for another city; but when he returned to his room, the girl was rolling around on the floor. That meant another hoisting bee. He got her back on the bed. He was so bashful that he didn't dare yelp for assistance. But the gang came on the scene.

Did he injure the young lady? Ain't I telling you he says he didn't? Ain't I tryin' to wise you up that dear little Waskoe is *the* gentlest elephant in the herd? If he saw a fly with its hind leg entangled in a sheet of glue, he'd weep. Most wonderful fat boy in captivity! Too bad those hooch-

birds got into his cage, but thank God they didn't warp his sense of sympathy or bruise his bump of Truth.

G. Washington, Esq., *couldn't* tell a lie—Koscoe wouldn't.

Isn't he a nice, sweet, cunning, cheerful little Froscoe?
So innocent, so thoughtful, so——

BAH!

—Q—

Most of this high-powered stuff they sell

In one ounce shots, as "bonded" booze,
Should be sold as a ten-inch shell

That's set to "go" with a "delayed" fuse.

—Q—

I know a lot of folks who claim

That modesty's a blessing;

They may be right, but just the same

Some girls go on undressing.

—Q—

In Venice, Italy, one needs a gondola to go about in,
but in Venice, California, one doesn't need anything.

—Q—

A Minneapolis policeman on trial for misconduct testified he took two drinks of moonshine and didn't know anything for four days. There are plenty of men on every city's police force who don't need a drink to be in the same class.

—Q—

The girl whom 20 or 30 young men taught to swim last summer is learning to skate again this winter.

—Q—

Wheeling, West Virginia, was quite a contract, but they should try Eaton, Ohio.

JUST BUDD'S

—Q—

In many cases, after wedlock comes the deadlock.

—Q—

"75,000 Girls Were Lost Last Year," reads a movie advertisement, and I can't even find one.

—Q—

Many a man who gets drunk when his wife leaves him is not drowning his sorrows—just simply celebrating.

—Q—

The saloon quartet which used to get tanked on beer and sing "My Old Kentucky Home," now gets soused on moonshine and their official song is "Nearer My God To Thee."

—Q—

"Do you believe this is a free country?" asked the 100 per cent Busybody.

"No, I don't," replied the man with the hunted look, "I drive a car."

—Q—

Kissing is said by some experts to be largely responsible for the spread of dental ailments, and according to the village grouch it is indulged in chiefly by those afflicted with mental ailments.

—Q—

Bird fanciers have figured that a carrier pigeon flies three times faster than a human runner, but they probably have never seen a man in flight when "her" husband was about three leaps behind.

—Q—

The largest bell in the world is in the Kremlin at Moscow, but its chimes sound like a faint tinkle compared to an alarm clock when it goes off beside a person's ear early in the morning after a night out.

MOVIE CENSORSHIP

—Q—

By "ABE"

WHETHER or not we have a National Board of Censorship for Motion Pictures, it is plain to be seen that unless the "Three Ball Gents from Caanan," who control the Motion Picture Industry, put the soft pedal on some of the filth seen nightly on the screen, the Public will put a damper on motion pictures and clamp it.

Don't kid yourself, Max, that the Public is going to stand for this putrid stuff. An examination of the gate receipts of any Flicker Shop will convince you mighty quick that you can not insult Public decency and make the Grade!

There are a certain gang of Dubs who will always crowd the front seats and laud this honki tonk stuff to the skies; but these birds combined, will not pay the juice bill that pulls the flicker machine, let alone the film rent and other overhead expense.

What is leading to the ruination of flickers every day, is that too many coke heads, parasites, white slavers, libertines and drunkards are now directing the pictures that we see. They are directing a bunch of sofa pups, lounge lizards and skylarkin flusies, who are ever ready to do their bidding.

Not content with pulling this Arbuckle stuff in private and public hostleries, these birds have got the bronze to flaunt it across the mirror screen so our wives and daughters can lamp it in all its hideousness. Since decent men and women will no longer tolerate such Junk, the "Movie" is on the down grade and box office receipts have dwindled.

A woman who will hog the lens of a motion picture camera thru five reels of "red light" stuff, close up, in her Teddies, is either drunk, crooked or crazy. The Director who prompts such a courtesan thru this bunc is a candidate

and unanimously elected by all decent folks for a stall in the "red house"—meaning the Sorrow Foundry.

The kike producer who will stand for this rotten, leperous, portrayal, is killing the mallard that lays the kale egg. You can't cram these sewer drippings down the public's throat and get by with it.

"Foolish Wives," a Universal feature costing over a million iron pups (take 'em at their own words) depicting European red light flusies and mackereaux, midst Bacchanalian settings will soon be released for those of the Public who wish to sit thru it. It is the result of a coke-head's hop dream—Eric Von Stroheim—Lamp that Monicker—and get that *Von* stuff.

Von Stroheim is the bird who played the part of "A German Spy" in Movies during the War because he didn't have to make up for the part—just acted natural and was jake. When the little ex-Yid merchant of Oshkosh, starts looking over the ticker on the returns from this Gruesome Melange, it's going to go hard with him. The chances are that he will bar the door at Universal City and close down for repairs until such a time as Carl is able to find a Reel Director who can make a reel picture at a cost of 200 Hellers.

Sam Goldwyn of the Goldwyn Co. says, "Let's have some new faces in the Films." That's the first mouthful of pure Gentile I ever heard Sam Goldwyn separate himself from. Sam Goldwyn has run the ribbon thru his chubby digits and is beginning to see the Spencerian scrawl on the wall. Sam, if you mean it you certainly rate a grand compliment; but the saddest part of this is, that we live down Joplin way, with the Hill Billies and we like to be showed. Show us you carry the goods then we will extend you the glad mitt and shout "*Yoi Yoiska!*"

Clean out these fluke courtisans and this "twilight

larave" known as sofa pups and davenport reptiles, and put something new in pictures besides the degradation of Women. Call a halt in the searing of women's naked breasts with hot irons. Weed out the coke-heads and the sky larkin' cusie and give us some reel Directors, and some real men and women in pictures—some real stories. This Arbuckle filth and this Minden Nevada noise has put a black eye on the flickers.

Just one more thing. If Billy Sunday is going to come out and fight Motion Picture censorship and stand up and defend the Libertines who are shaking wicked shimmies in motion pictures, the kikes better lock up their "stew-dios," for the flickers will flicker no more. The Movies are only hanging by a thread on Public Opinion, and if the kikes take this blatherskiting critter in with them to fight censorship—well as they say in Belgrade "Over the Sewer," which being translated in the old Jaffa lingo simply means—Good night Steve.

—Q—

People who claim laws are more strict than ours and point out where a Berlin woman was sentenced to two years in prison for killing her husband and throwing his body in the river should remember that the offense was aggravated by her polluting the water supply of the city.

—Q—

It wasn't the music that made "*Whispering*" popular—it was Prohibition.

—Q—

Who said this wicked world wasn't getting better? In A. D. 1500, an auto-de-fe consisted of burning an heretic. In A. D. 1921 it consists of a quart of hooch, a wild woman and a tin lizzie.

JOY-ROBBERS

—Q—



HE "Reverend" Harry Bowlby is secretary of the "Lord's Day Alliance." Being such, it follows that Harry is a narrow-gauger—a small caliber pulpiteer.

Not long ago he swept down upon the city of Buffalo, N. Y., with his jaw-battery belching forth great clouds of bunc. The crowd that attended his meeting consisted principally of folks who had ideas of their own—men who visit a zoo, not for the purpose of adopting Jungle habits, but to view at close range the "critters" thereof.

Harry was more frank than the average Blue Sabbathier. He acknowledged without a blush that his organization of crepe hangers intended to eventually deprive mankind of its Sunday joy-rides, street cars, newspapers, amusement houses, parks, all-day suckers, cigarettes and gum. When these trifles had been accomplished, all in and outdoor sports would be assassinated, spooning tabooed, digging worms or hooking catfish, made a capital crime.

"Take these things away from him (meaning mankind) and he will *have* to drift back to the church or bore himself to death."

Well, there'll be a lot of "bored-deaths" when the man-made Sabbath becomes a gob of gloom!

"Rev." Harry had scarcely unloaded his cargo of joy-murder, when the grand rush started. The police finally rescued him, but not until he had heard more explosive profanity than he ever knew existed. But they never learn, that breed of insects. Their pigmy minds are incapable of harboring a broad thought. Pity the Buffalo police weren't away on their annual picnic!

—Q—

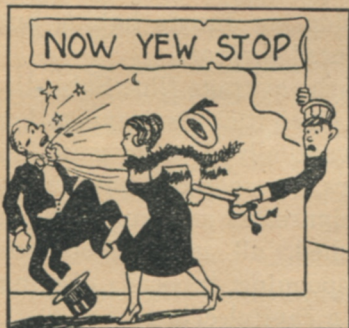
If you look at a pretty woman, she's insulted and if you don't, she's disappointed.

HER MIDDLE NAME'S "FIGHT"

—Q—

PATROLMAN LENZ of New York was sauntering along his beat, "thinking of the beers gone by," when he heard wild cheers of "hook 'im Moll"; "slip him the eye-hold" and several other childish prattles. Lenz woke up.

He found a crowd of several hundred New Yorkers surrounding millionaire Wm. J. Wilkinson and his charming wife. It is true that the lady is trying to hand-spike William J., off a bit of alimony and out of her life, but she's a charming lady just the same. She proved it — was proving it — when copper Lenz arrived on the scene.



Her front name's Elsie—

Elsie F. That "F" stands for

Fight. She was full of her second name when she met millionaire Bill bowling up Sixth Avenue. Bill knew her of old. He saw the "clear decks for action" signal out but he didn't have time to swing out of range.

Elsie F. lit on him like a nest of hornets on a grey mule. She started in to trace a map of the reconstructed Europe on Bill's physog. She got her geography mixed and gouged out a Panama canal and the main channel of the Amazon river on Bill's left cheek. As soon as she discovered her mistake, she shifted her plans. In making the shift, she traced the Everglades and the right bank of the Bay of Biscay across Bill's upper lip.

The crowd noticed her geographical blunders and prompted her right cheerfully. She had just started to out-

line the creek where Pharoah's daughter found Mose—that bend of the creek where they used to stage bulrushes and wading parties—when Lenz lumbered 'round the corner and spoiled Elsie F.'s demonstration of what a wild-woman can do in a busy street. But he had to use his night stick to pry 'em apart! Elsie's middle name is "F-ight." She was full of it and Bill looked like somethin' had dragged him around through a blackberry thicket.

Bein' a millionaire ain't no protection these days.

—Q—

"WISE CRACKS FROM A DUMBELL"

—Q—

By "Jimmie" Starr

Figures at the beach often cause figures on check books.

—Q—

Short skirts are a girl's references nowadays.

—Q—

Cafeterias are now known as, "The Overcoat and Umbrella Exchange."

—Q—

Some men go to the woods to see nature at its wildest when others go to parties to see women the same way.

—Q—

It takes a good salesman to sell an Eskimo an ice-cream freezer.

—Q—

White Mule and gasoline do not mix well together.

—Q—

Nowadays: Beauty is only paint deep.

—Q—

Some people think that garbage men are the writers of risqué stories.

TAUNTING FATE

—Q—

OLD lady Wilkinson breezed into London some weeks ago with her buxom form loaded down with jewels estimated to be worth five million smackers. Even among the short-eared jackasses of the ricketed snobility of England's chief village, she "caused a sensation." In other words she knocked 'em stiff.

The old bird used to have a string of sandwich stands scattered from one end of England to the other. She shoved shaved ham and unbuttered "brote" down the gullets of several million British Tommies at "a fair margin of profit" to the Wilkinson outfit and to the physical detriment of the B. T.'s.

A million sandwich eaters "went West" during the European family ruction, but none of the Wilkinson millions trailed in their wake.

"Millions" are international slackers, regardless of where they belong or to whom. When drums are shelved, batteries hushed, flags furled and graves sodded and flowered, "millions" march in unseries ranks, no flags furled, no cripples, no vacancies,—*they're all there!*

And so with the Wilkinson millions—they all answered "present" when their names were called.

The old man slid off into the Unknown one day and as soon as she was sure he wouldn't bob up and spill the berries, the old lady chirped to the bank notes and pounds sterling and hit the pike for Paris. She shot a few million into the champagne highways of "bleeding France;" she tipped a few sandwich guilders into the open mitts of Parisian he-tailors, diamond merchants, fur thieves and silk traders. Then she hiked back to the land of a million dead Tommies.

It is only recently that she reappeared on the scene. The aristocracy of England gasped, gulped and kow-towed.

"Her gown," so we are informed, "was insured for five million dollars."

It would have been a peach of an apron for a "hand laundry" lady, eh, Hiram?

"It was decorated with 75 *thousand* diamonds and pearls."

During that same month, starving hordes in London were battling the police for *bread*!

"It is the world's most wonderful dress, yap the daily press. It is more than that: It is the most asinine exhibition of vulgar wealth in the world's history. A million Trotskys and eloquent Lenines could harrangue 'til hell froze to the bottom of its deepest pool and their pleas would not arouse in restless humanity one-tenth the bitterness that this fat matron's priceless gown will bring.

Only fools strike matches in powder factories, but others than they "go up."

—Q—

The moving picture weeklies have shown pictures of President Harding doing everything with the exception of taking a bath.

—Q—

A Chicago telegraph messenger was arrested for speeding. It later developed that he was insane. We thought so.

—Q—

Article X—With Reservations

—Q—

"We want the people to go to the parks on Sunday, but we *don't* want them to ride on the merry-go-rounds," said the "Reverend" Crafts, in an interview. Great dope! Give 'em ginger ale and then steal all their whiskey!

SANS CERTIFICATE

—Q—



NOTHER "Romance of a Star" is shattered!

Earle Williams, motion picture "star" is a "man without a Frau." Florine W. has bunched him and beat it for New York. When the press boys called to verify the rumor that wife-Florine had trekked toward the rising sun, Earle refused to verify further than to admit Florine had gone "East on a business trip." *Well!*

Florine's family were of blue-blood stock—and a few idle francs. They hibernated up along the Hudson where shades of the defunct Knickerbocker clan shimmies in the evening fogs. She met Earle "away back" in 1918 and they've been married ever since. But they hadn't been keeping house a month, until Roma Raymond, a Polack actress, with more good looks than wisdom or kale, started suit for breach of promise against the fresh bridegroom for a hundred and sixty thousand weiners.

The trial was as spicy as the air of a South Sea isle. Roma testified that she met Earle when neither of 'em had the price of a hot-dog; when their combined capital wouldn't have purchased the filling for a bean sandwich. "Misery loves company" and as they found love on the "free list" they started in to love and starve together.

That was "way back" in 1912.

As soon as Earle got a job, he began to cool off and the fatter his salary, the slimmer his affection. By the time he had made up his mind to get in close communion with the Walz family check book, via the affection of daughter Florine, he had the same fervid love for the beautiful Polish actress, that an alley canine has for its sire.

The Polish girl forced him to admit during the course of her action for damages, that he had lived with her—and as there had never been a marriage ceremony performed, it

didn't require any heavy brain work to arrive at the conclusion that Brer. Earle wasn't a genuine "white winger," but pretty much of a rotter—a cad—if we may infringe on the British vocabulary to that extent.

And the movie magnates expect box-office receipts to wax fat and continually fatter, by projecting "stars" with putrid pasts, on the screen!

—Q—

THEN PA GOT MAD

—Q—

WILLIE couldn't master the theory of evolution. The Darwinian stuff was too deep for him. He had studied his own map in the family mirror and saw nothing of jungleism in it. One day after he had lain sprawled in deep thought for several minutes, he asked:

"Mother, am I a descendant of a monkey?" and Dad didn't speak for a week after mother answered:

"I don't know sonny—I never knew your father's people."

—Q—

If the long skirt ever does come back girls will have to pay more attention to the looks of their faces.

—Q—

A Future Dawes

"Johnny," exclaimed the shocked minister, "Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear like that?"

"Sure I do," answered Johnny, "They grow up and get a job at Washington figuring out how much money the government can spend."

VALUABLE SHANKS

—Q—

ETHEL BROADHURST, a "movie leading lady" is the proud owner of what I reckon is the prize-winning shanks. The lady values them, when photographed and publicly displayed, at twenty-five thousand yippers—at least she is suing the Abbott-Kinney Company for that trifling sum because they printed a picture of her legs on a poster and exhibited them (the posters) for advertising "pupposes."

They were having a small-town celebration out in Venice, California, and the posters were supposed to attract a flock of Rubens from the sage-brush whereupon said Hicks would become mellow and shell easily to the financial delight of the offending company which had a strangle-hold on most of the concessions.

At long range, it seems that the lady's angora was pestered because some of the shankettes were smeared in a semi-circle on telephone poles, thus making it appear that she wasn't all there—that she ran heavy to hoofs and shanks. It *was* a brutal thing to do (if the company did it).

But for the life of me, I can't see the difference between having one's nether extremities spread across the barren expanse of a Western Union stick and having it braced up against the plate-glass barrier of a "studio." In either event (and both) the public gets an orb-full of preforated socks stuffed to the bursting point with the joy-elements of the "prodigal son's" return.

Some ladies are so finicky! They think it proper (possibly profitable) to have a yard or two of leg projecting below their skirt—perfectly willing to let the projection appear in a sock ad or a great moral-uplift magazine of alleged "national" circulation, but let an embryonic photographer "snap" at their underpinning and peddle the results to a few of his closest friends (or attract attention to a telegraph pole) and—

Well they do say ez how sum shanks cum ez hi ez 25 thousand \$.

TREKKING

—Q—

THOSE Irish are such rude fellows. For years they have been scratching their necks where the British yoke chaffed them and when the "self-determination" bug bit 'em, they quit scratching and started to make Ireland safe for the Irish. In doing this, it was necessary to "treat 'em (the British) rough." Quite a little colony of wealthy American women had settled near Belfast. They had nothing to do except toil—over poker tables, social events, dawnces and imported toddies.

The first few rounds of the fight was "an exciting diversion." The Irish fought, got licked, came back and fought some more and didn't appear to be getting licked. Whereat, the ex-Yankee mad-dams got scared and trekked (which is equivalent in the Oom Paul lingo to "hitting the grit").

Countess Ancaster, who "uster" be Miss Elsie Breeze of New York, started and didn't stop until she got to her "London home" where she will be engaged during the next few weeks in "charity work."

Mrs. Malcolm Gordon, whose hubby is the head mogul of the linen industry in the "tight little Isles," is four laps ahead in the London house-hunt.

There are "others" but they're all on the jump. Something in the Belfast atmosphere that don't agree with their ethical epidermis, and they are "trekking" Londonward where husky "blackthorns" are under the ban.

—————Q—————

Alec: "Say, Mike, when a Ford 'coup' is trying to keep up with a Ford 'limousine' on an Irish highway, what time is it?"

Mike: "Huh! Ony kid 'ud know 'twuz tin afther tin."

A HANDSOME "KICKER"

—Q—

THE public moralists should censor the divorce courts and indigo the complaints. Some fierce facts trickle through these leaks.

Mrs. Al C. Balmbridge who is being sued by her husband of the same monicker, should be given the latest cast-iron medal.



She put in thirty minutes as a domestic upheavalist. At the end of that time, the only thing in the house that wasn't a wreck, was a chromo, "God Bless Our Happy Home" and that was stored in the attic.

The row presumably started when Al protested that she was shy on ancient or modern loom products when posing "ferninst" a camera.

He had just opened the first can of chin-chatter when Edith bounced a perfectly fine bottle of pickled beets off his coco. Before he had a chance to arnica the bump, she laid down a barrage of empty milk bottles. Her sights were scattered. One or two slid through the plate glass front; another made a Swiss mulligan out of the mantel clock and the balance missed about everything in the house—except Al.

He tried to crawl under the table but she beat him to it by kicking table and crockery-contents up against the wall. She grabbed a porkchop spear and traced some fancy designs on the player-piano and then just to prove that her feet had lost none of their cunning, she jumped up in the air and lit with one foot square in the center of a big

mirror. The glass cracked—so did Al's patience.

It was a rough house from then on—until the police got there. It made Edith so angry to think the coppers had to butt in and spoil her fun that she left the house (without kicking it off the foundation).

And now Al's poured his domestic Boston's in the divorce court hopper.

Some men are so easily peeved!

—Q—

Charlie Chaplin and Ambassador Harvey created a sensation in London. One shuffled his feet and the other gummed up the cards.

—Q—

After spending a week at Palm Beach, Florida, one wonders "Why the Mormons have Missionaries."

—Q—

The old-fashioned silk handkerchiefs are staging a come-back—movie "stars" are using them for evening gowns.

—Q—

A friend discovered that his new flat had a bath tub in one of the rooms—he had only been living there six months when he made the discovery.

—Q—

The styles affected by many of our "smart dressers" occasionally puzzle us—we aren't sure whether they are street gowns or nightgowns.

AN ODE TO THE STATES

—Q—

*A thrush once said to an old hoot owl,
"I've heard you were wondrous wise;
And I would like to question you,
So please don't tell me lies.
The first thing I would have you tell
My empty skull to fill,
Was it the embalmed beef of '89
That made Chicago, Ill.?*

*I've heard it said, though I do not know,
In fact it may be bosh,
Now tell me, is it lots of dirt
That makes Seattle, Wash.?
When certain things do not go straight
To right them we should try,
So maybe you can tell me then,
What ails Providence, R. I.?*

*"Another thing I'd like to ask
While I am in your class
Just how many priests it takes
To say the Boston, Mass.?
This is the time for running debts
As you must surely know;
The secret then, impart to me
How much does Cleveland, O.?*

*"In ages too, you must have learned
Much more than many men
So tell me in a whisper, please
When was Miss. Nashville, Tenn.?
It takes great heat the gold to melt*

*And iron takes much more,
Then is it true that way out West,
The rain melts Portland, Ore.?*

*"Some voices are so strong and full
And some so weak and small,
That I have wondered many times,
How loud can Denver, Col.?
The old owl scratched his feathered pate
"I'm sorry my little man—
Ask some one else, I cannot tell,
Perhaps Topeka, Kan.?"*

—Liebst.

—Q—

MARY AGAIN

—Q—

*Mary had a little skirt,
The latest style no doubt,
And every time she put it on
She was more than halfway out.—Star.*

—Q—

Did you notice how deftly the poor old railroad companies were taken care of to the tune of 5 or 6 hundred million? If you did, you must have noticed also how deftly the soldiers' bonus bill was put in cold storage after being embalmed with verbal honey and hot air. To ask for a bonus is to "commercialize your patriotism," but to demand half a billion plunks to put ventilators in a block of watered stock, is "loyalty" run wild.

—Q—

"Three die after drinking wood alcohol by mistake" reads a headline in a local daily. The "mistake" consisted in making it necessary for men to take a hundred chances with every drink.

WHICH ARE YOU?

—Q—



NE trait,—a characteristic, if you choose—that every man's enemies have, is the trait of “forever keeping at it.” I like that trait—that's why I love my enemies.

Our staunchest friends, on the other hand, too often have the happy faculty of “sleeping at the switch”—that's one reason why I'd hate to have too many, let's call 'em “sleepers.” I notice every week that *Quirt's* enemies are “up and doing”—all of them!

If *you* are a friend of *Quirt*, don't bother to write and tell *me* about it—*show it*, prove it!

Ask your newsdealer why *he* isn't pushing *Quirt*. If he hasn't got it, tell him to *get it*. And when he does, don't borrow a copy from a friend—*buy one yourself!*

Now then, altogether. *Boost!*

—Q—

Ladies rave more over other people's babies and moving picture actors than over their own, and the housing problems.

—Q—

The angry waves of the ocean are caused by it being crossed so often.

—Q—

If a man would call everything by its right name he would get punched in the jaw a thousand times a day.

—Q—

Would you call a fellow who works on a bread wagon a “loafer?”

—Q—

The first inkling the world had that Ireland wanted prohibition was when the Irish started demanding a republic.

BAR 'EM ALL!

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QUIRT Isn't a Smut-Sheet.

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